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—from a Communist's Diary

THE

Commonweal

Thy Neighbor As Thyself

Catholics and International Order

by Albert J. Nevins

H. G. Wells and War

Looking into the Future

by F. H. Drinkwater

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

MAKING STRAIGHT THE WAY

IT IS DIFFICULT to realize, this Christmas, that only a year ago President Eisenhower was receiving the plaudits of the multitudes in the Middle East and the Far East for his dedication to the cause of peace. Much has happened to change the world prospect in the past twelve months. Men viewed the Eisenhower journey as a prelude to a summit meeting which would relieve the peoples of the world of their fear of war with weapons of mass-destruction. But the summit never came to pass, and anti-American demonstrations reached such violence in Japan that the President's good will visit to that allied country had to be canceled. The cold war resumed its earlier intensity; peace once more receded into the distance.

This Christmas it is possible for purely natural reasons to rekindle modest hopes of some progress toward peace. A new Administration is soon to take hold in Washington, bringing with it the possibility of starting fresh. It is a younger regime which promises to take greater initiative and be more vigorous. President-elect Kennedy has repeatedly declared that he intends to negotiate with the Soviet Union from a position of steadily increasing national strength.

In the past twelve months, while the cold war has intensified, a number of local armed conflicts have broken out. The political liberation of the Belgian Congo has led to bitter tribal and ideological warfare. Laos has been in the grip of a devastating civil war. There have been several revolutionary outbreaks in Latin America, while Castro's Cuba takes on more and more of the characteristics of a full-fledged Soviet satellite. Meanwhile the six-year war in Algeria has been continuing; President de Gaulle's recent visit led to pitched battles between hostile European Algerians and the hitherto passive native Moslems of several cities. There are many bitter conflicts in the world. And the general tension is heightened by the bellicose declarations of the recent Moscow meeting of the world's Communist parties.

ALL THIS stands out in rude contrast to the traditional peace of Christmas. In St. Luke's Gospel for the last Sunday in Advent, for example, there is a passage from Isaias the prophet about preparing for Christmas, making ready the way of the Lord: "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked ways shall be made straight, and the rough ways smooth; and all mankind shall see the salvation of God."

The Church Fathers and other spiritual writers interpret these preparations for Christ's coming primarily in terms of the sanctification of the individual human soul, overcoming its pride and enmities, its lethargy and selfishness. Those, then, who administer the Sacraments and offer up the Holy Sacrifice assuredly play the predominant role in the ineffable preparations. Likewise, men and women who have left all things to dedicate themselves to a life of contemplation and prayer for mankind, and all Religious, have a preeminent place. Finally, all those who wholeheartedly unite themselves to the eloquent Liturgy of the Advent and Christmas seasons have their own special role in "preparing the way of the Lord."

Yet these words of Isaias—which also look to the Second Coming—assuredly apply as well to the Redemption of human society as a whole, to what Teilhard de Chardin in his *Divine Milieu* calls "the building of the Kingdom of Heaven," or the building of "the Heavenly Jerusalem of the New Earth." And in this connection it would seem that certain of our fellow-citizens, Christians and others, are

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actually dedicating themselves to social concerns that lead directly toward this tremendous realization.

One might start with those men and women who are bravely facing insult and the risk of ostracism or bodily injury in order to insure the opening wedge of token integration in the New Orleans public schools. Like recognition is due all who are braving the disapproval of friends and neighbors and the sanctions of a hostile community in the defense of the law of the land on racial discrimination and for the well-being of our American society, North and South. In a similar category one would place those who are directing their efforts to the cause of the men, women and children who are so shamefully exploited as migratory labor in the harvesting of the nation's crops in many states.

There are also those who are hard at work attacking the blight of our city slums, ministering to the victims and striving, against public apathy, for those private and public remedies which will make our cities fit places for families to live and grow in. Much the same can be said for men who have responded to the human emergencies created when mechanization, automation or displacement of local industries has been effected without adequate concern for the devastating social consequences. No such catalogue could omit Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker, who for years have opened their doors and their hearts to the outcasts of society, to difficult or deranged people rejected by social agencies, to those forsaken by their families or spurned by their religious superiors—to every person who for whatever reason comes to them in need.

Such a vista of men and women heroically seeking in various ways to redeem the world would extend overseas to those missionaries from the United States and other countries who have exiled themselves to a rugged existence in a foreign land to spread the Glad Tidings to those who know not Christ. It would include such new communities as the Little Brothers and Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld who gladly share the material wretchedness of those to whom they minister. And there are men and women the world over wholly dedicated to the cause of international peace—and many others. We should also be mindful of those whom totalitarian governments are persecuting for their faith.

Surely for all these are the promises Our Lord made in the Beatitudes; to all these selfless workers and contemplatives the peace of Christmas should bring an abundance of interior joy and consolation.

NEXT WEEK

STEPHEN R. GRAUBARD discusses the recent report of President Eisenhower's National Goals Commission:

"The idiom of the Goals Commission report is strange; it betrays either intellectual confusion or the hazards of joint composition. While some of it is couched in language redolent of the eighteenth century, most of it suggests a political party platform in the summer of 1960. Interspersed with impressively noble sentiments are crude, almost neo-Marxist ideals which reek of the materialist lamp."

PREDICTABLE AND UNPREDICTABLE

THE KENNEDY cabinet is now complete, and at least one kind of speculation about the new Administration has been laid to rest.

In some respects, the selections announced by the President-elect are normal and predictable. That is, they display the usual post-election concern for healing the wounds of inter- and intra-party strife, for achieving a balance of political, regional and even religious representation. They display too the expected awareness of party need and campaign obligation. As is conceded by all except the utterly implacable partisans, however, there is nothing in these facts to prevent Cabinet posts from being filled conscientiously and well.

Prime examples of appointments which meet political criteria as well as those of technical competence are the naming of Chester Bowles as Under Secretary of State, Adlai Stevenson as Ambassador to the U.N., Abraham Ribicoff as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Luther Hodges as Secretary of Commerce, Orville Freeman as Secretary of Agriculture and C. Douglas Dillon as Secretary of the Treasury. Each of these men brings unquestioned abilities to his new post, but the appointment of each of them fills one or another additional special purpose—such as reassuring the nation's business community, establishing an aura of bipartisanship or satisfying certain regional, social or religious aspirations.

In some other respects, however, Senator Kennedy's choices represent marked departures from the Cabinets of the recent past. The most obvious "new" quality of the leaders of the forthcoming Administration is their youth. The average age of

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the Kennedy appointees is forty-seven; Robert S. McNamara (Defense) is only forty-four; Orville Freeman is forty-two; Stewart L. Udall (Interior) is forty; and Robert F. Kennedy (Attorney General) is the youngest at thirty-five. Another characteristic of the appointees is the preponderance among them of academic or intellectual successes, rather than the business tycoons who held their portfolios under President Eisenhower conspicuously and under his predecessors to a large degree. Even the businessmen who are represented in the Kennedy Cabinet are apt to be of the new breed, organization men or highly trained technicians like the scholarly president of the Ford Motor Company, "Whiz Kid" (as he is known in the industry) Robert McNamara.

A notable "first" which did not come to pass this time would have been achieved if Rep. William L. Dawson (D.-Ill.) had accepted the invitation to become Postmaster General. Mr. Dawson, who preferred to remain in Congress, would have been the first Negro Cabinet member. A first which did come to pass was the selection of two Jews—Governor Ribicoff and Arthur J. Goldberg (Labor)—to serve in the Kennedy Cabinet. The most noteworthy thing about this event is the fact that the American people have apparently reached a new stage of political maturity, for there has been almost no comment on it anywhere.

Also notable among the Kennedy appointments is that of former Under Secretary of State Dillon as Secretary of the Treasury. It is not unusual, of course, to name or at least to invite into an Administration high-ranking members of the opposition party. But Mr. Dillon's situation is somewhat special. He has been a key man in an Administration which Senator Kennedy criticized in extremely sharp terms. Furthermore, an eminent Republican in the all-important Treasury post makes the favorite G.O.P. campaign slogan—that a Kennedy victory would bring "fiscal irresponsibility"—seem irresponsible itself. Many Democrats are not pleased by the Dillon appointment, but their displeasure is far outweighed by the reported chagrin felt by Republicans, from President Eisenhower on down.

But the Cabinet choice which has excited the most outspoken comment is, of course, Senator Kennedy's designation of his brother Robert as the new Attorney General. Republican Party spokesmen have already seized upon the appointment of Robert F. Kennedy as a shocking display of nepotism, with Senator Hugh Scott (R.-Pa.) general counsel for the Republican National Committee, leading the attack with cries that the appointment is "unfortunate" and "ominous." Democratic leaders will meet these charges, naturally, but there is considerable feeling even among them that the President-elect has given the opposition an inviting—and rather vulnerable—target for their criticism.

Mr. Kennedy obviously knew that such criticism would be forthcoming but decided that it was so important for him to have in his Cabinet the assistance and counsel of his brother that he was willing to brave whatever storm might ensue. Whether he has made a mistake or not will be determined only by time, but the Senator has up till now shown such remarkable political acumen that one is inclined to think he will be proved right again.

All in all, the reaction to the Kennedy appointments is surprisingly unanimous in its general approval. The one exception would be Bobby Kennedy's selection as Attorney General, but even here the complaint is not that this is a bad appointment so much as it is a politically difficult one. None of the groups and factions in American political life is entirely satisfied with the Cabinet-to-be, as they have made clear, but they seem about equally dissatisfied. That the President-elect has been able to bring this about, and at the same time acquire the services of a Cabinet to meet both his own and the nation's requirements, is an achievement that augurs well for the success of his Administration.

ANOTHER LITTLE STEP

WHILE RACIST extremists in New Orleans continue to make headlines, the Supreme Court has carried the war against segregation one small step further. Fourteen years ago, the Court barred segregation in travel which is interstate in character and hence directly subject to federal regulation. Four years later, it barred such devious methods of evasion as the practice of curtaining off one part of a railroad dining car for the exclusive use of Negro travelers. In its most recent decision, the Court dealt specifically with the case of a Negro law student who had been convicted of trespass in the "whites only" section of a bus terminal restaurant in Richmond, Virginia. Reversing the Negro student's conviction, the Court held by a vote of seven to two that it is a violation of the law to segregate interstate bus passengers in bus terminal restaurants which are "an integral part" of interstate transportation service.

In one sense, this most recent decision is a relatively minor matter. But it is important in the sense that it forms a part of a continuing pattern of decisions by the Supreme Court, a pattern which

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should leave no doubt in anyone's mind that in those areas which are constitutionally the responsibility of the federal government, segregation must be eliminated. And the decision is of considerable importance to the Negro citizen who now has some assurance that he can step off an interstate bus with the other passengers without fear of a humiliating experience inside the terminal restaurant. This in itself is no small thing, and it hardly seems too much for an American citizen to expect.

REACTIONS TO A PROPOSAL

ALTHOUGH OF most immediate concern to those Protestants involved, the varied reactions to Dr. Eugene Carson Blake's recent proposal must interest all Christians. Soon after Dr. Blake proposed that four major American Protestant denominations—Methodist, Protestant Episcopal, United Presbyterian, and United Church of Christ—merge into one communion, that they form a "plan of church union both catholic and reformed," his suggestion was considered and evaluated by various religious spokesmen.

Dr. Blake, who spoke as stated clerk of the United Presbyterian Church, was early supported by Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike. The Blake proposal was also welcomed by Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord, who considered it of historic significance and who judged the supporting reasons to be "compelling and firm." And the co-presidents of the United Church of Christ, Dr. Fred Hoskins and Dr. James E. Wagner, said that an invitation for discussions of merger would be given "most thoughtful consideration."

Father Edward Duff, the Jesuit editor of *Social Order* and author of the scholarly study *Social Thought of the World Council of Churches,* predicted that some such proposal would in time be adopted by American Protestantism. He went on to say that the ecumenical movement, and Catholic hopes, are advanced when churchmen realize that "division represents a scandal—and even a sin—since Christ said that He wanted unity—that He established one Church."

Not all who commented on the Blake proposal welcomed it, however, and some expressed very strong reservations. The strongest criticism came from the American Church Union, the group within the Protestant Episcopal Church who are known as Anglo-Catholics. Calling the proposal "erroneous and unacceptable," this group said that both Dr. Blake and Bishop Pike "assume that the Episcopal Church is one among the many Protestant denominations in the United States. This is not the clear teaching of the Book of Common Prayer. The Episcopal Church, as part of the Anglican Communion is an integral part of the Historic One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ."

After elaborating on particular points of difference the group concluded: "We urge our fellow Christians to consider that unity at any cost is not necessarily desirable. It is unity in the truth that alone promises any hope for the future."

This statement of the American Church Union illustrates forcefully some of the great obstacles that will be encountered by those who favor the Blake proposal. Without underestimating these obstacles, those who pray for eventual unity among Christians can yet regard the proposal as one of many recent indications that recognition of real divisions need not preclude conversation, discussion and hope.

ALL CLEAR?

A GOOD MANY publicity releases pass over our desks in the course of a week, but a recent one about Cleveland Amory's new book, *Who Killed Society?,* caught and held our attention. In trying to find the answer to his question, the release said, Mr. Amory sought out many people who were witnesses to Society's murder and recorded their remarks for our enlightenment and edification.

Some of the comments Mr. Amory received were crisp and thought-provoking. Thus one gentleman said firmly: "Three things killed Society—the automobile and bad manners and no sense of history." At least one, William Blair, Jr. of Chicago did not care: "I don't know who killed what," he said, "but I'd like to call him up and congratulate him." In contrast, another man cared, very deeply: "We live in a servants' world" he said, "and the servants won't even let us use the word. I don't know just when Society died, or who killed it, or what they killed, but it's gone all right, and it probably didn't have much of a funeral either. Even the funerals aren't what they were. The last one I went to had people in the front pew that I wouldn't have to my funeral over my dead body."

This last analysis is hard to beat, we admit, but our favorite nonetheless remains one ascribed to "a New York clubman." "What killed Society," this gentleman said tersely, "is men marrying terrible women and no birth control and the United States Government." Like it or not, you have to admit his comment has a certain sweep to it.

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Thy Neighbor As Thyself

"How rarely we find an American Catholic who can identify himself with a Cuban peasant or a Japanese coal miner"

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

IN THE FACE of the overwhelming problems that confront us, we are regularly reminded that this is the hour for action. But it is also the time for thought, for evaluation, and for the renewal of spiritual strength. With this in mind I would urge, with whatever persuasive force I can muster, a rededication to the task of awakening the consciences of Catholic Americans to their international responsibilities.

This course I urge will not be an easy task, and it will be for the most part a thankless one. Those who engage in it can expect abuse, name calling, and misunderstanding. Many conservative Catholics look with great suspicion on any proposal touched with international implications, and some of the more militant are even moved to direct action.

In my own case, for example, although my own role in these matters is relatively minor, I have in recent years been called a Communist, been reported to the House Un-American Activities Committee, and been the target for abusive letters directed to my Superior General, to Cardinal Spellman, and even to the Holy Father. Such experiences are not uncommon; they demonstrate most forcefully the need of an all-out educational program which will put an end to the corroding heresy of individualism that afflicts too many Catholics.

We must make Catholics realize that Christianity is not true Christianity unless it reaches out to all mankind. The Catholic Church in America was never inflicted with a greater handicap than the "Jesus and I" concept of religion, which was taught for so many years in the parochial schools and which has done great harm to the formation of apostolic Catholics in this country.

We speak proudly of the Church in America, and with reason. We point to our unparalleled system of parochial schools, our great institutions of charity, our fine seminaries. But the success of the Church in America is not to be measured in material construction but in the internal formation of the people who belong to it. On this basis I question very strongly whether the average Catholic views the human race in the light of the tenets of his religion or really understands his religious obligations toward his fellowman as an individual and a collective totality.

THE SAD FACT of the matter is that many unbelievers have more sense of responsibility on this score than the majority of Catholics, both cleric and lay. How rarely we find a Catholic who can identify himself with the Cuban peasant or the Japanese coal miner or the Indian untouchable. Yet Karl Marx, for all his errors, had this sense of oneness.

"It is quite easy," Marx said, "for M. Hegel in his well heated office in Berlin to resolve the problem of man's captivity solely in speculative fashion and to explain all human contradictions on the plan of a dialectic philosophy. But while there are women and children working eighteen hours a day in the mines of Manchester I cannot feel myself free."

The leaders of Communism have long since lost the idealism of Marx. They are not interested in social justice as such. But they do follow the Marxian principle of contradictions, of capitalizing on the stresses and strains within society and the conflicts of interest between proletariat and bourgeoisie, worker and capitalist, haves and have-nots. They substitute agitation for assistance and anger for compassion, but they do stir up an idealism within the Communist rank-and-file and they do imbue them with a sense of worldwide mission. Typically the Young Communist sings:

We are the builders.
We build the future.
The future world lies in our hands.

Father Albert J. Nevins, M.M., is the editor of *Maryknoll* magazine, published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, author of *The Meaning of Maryknoll*, and president of the Catholic Press Association. This article is based on an address delivered by him to a recent Catholic Social Action Congress.

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We swing our hammers.
We use our weapons against our foe.
In every land. In every land.

A RECENT SURVEY of readers made for a Catholic magazine disclosed almost absolute unanimity in naming Communism the major problem in the world. American Catholics seem to think that if we can only rid the world of Communism, the universe will then be a happy place—free of problems, strife, discord. But it cannot be repeated too often that this simplification by the anti-Communists is dangerous. Communism is only a symptom of the social evils that exist in the world, and it draws its strength from the injustices, the imbalances and the unhealthy social life which do exist. If we want to see Communism wither and die as a world force, we must meet these problems head-on.

We must convince Catholics that Christian living is more than "Jesus and I," an attitude that artificially constrains and constricts the essential and mandatory mission of the Church. And we cannot allow the Church's world apostolate to be pigeon-holed under the vague heading of the "missions." As far as I can see, to most Catholics concern for the "missions" involves a subscription to a mission magazine, an unwelcome second collection from time to time, and occasional donations to feed starving children or provide shelter for lepers. The very word now carries with it overtones of supererogation, of something that is nice to do but is not at all essential to spiritual life.

"I came not to judge but to save the world," said Christ. That was the mission given Him by the Father. Christ founded His Church to continue that mission—to reveal Him to the world, that through Him the world might be saved. The mission of every Catholic is not only personal—namely, his or her own salvation—but the salvation of the world. The Christian becomes his brother's keeper whether he wants to or not. This is the true sense of the word "mission"—the vocation of every Catholic.

God and the Gospels are world-conscious. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son," we are reminded. The last instruction given by Christ before He departed from this earth carried the same concern for humanity: "Go, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations." The Church exists for the salvation of the world—this is its reason for being, its essential apostolate.

The Catholic cannot divorce himself from this mission of the Church, for the Catholic is Christ reborn. "You are the light of the world," Christ tells us, "let your light shine before men." But instead of becoming blazing beacons of Christianity, too many of our people are but reflections of personal egotism. "This is My commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you," Christ bids us. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And lest we misunderstand He gave the parable of the man who went down to Jericho to show us that the name of our neighbor is every man.

WHY SHOULD we love? We love because every man's soul is created by God to His own image and likeness, and this makes us one spiritually. We love because we are all descended from common ancestors, and this makes us one physically. We love because every man who has ever lived, is living, or who is yet to live, has been made the object of redemption by the blood of Christ. We love so that we can become one with Christ. We love so that His prayer may be fulfilled: "That they may be one, as thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us."

This love that is commanded of us is simply the desiring of good for each man in the world. This love does not have to be a love of affection, an emotional involvement, but a love of respect. Yet the implications of this love are many.

First of all, we must learn about the people of the world whom we are called to love. The Christian concept of mission must be made a central part of Catholic education in school and at home, and education to world Christianity must be integrated into all forms of Catholic life. Secondly, the love which Christ expects of each of us imposes the spiritual obligation of calling all non-Catholics to the unity of the true Church. Thirdly, the love to which we are called requires an appreciation of our responsibility to apply the principles of Christian social justice to the temporal welfare of all men—not just those in our community, not alone to those in the Western bloc of nations, but to every man on earth.

Our belief affirms the equality of man, and all men have the right to life, freedom, and the basic requirements for human existence. We must demonstrate our conviction that every human being has the right to enough to eat, enough to wear, to sufficient education for his needs, to decent housing, and to have the means to raise properly a family of his own.

One of the distinguishing marks of love is that it seeks, not self-satisfaction, but the good of the beloved. This is a fact that is relevant to our national situation today. Despite our outlay of billions of dollars, we have been losing friends abroad. Much of the store of good will for America that existed at the end of World War II has been dissipated. New nations that drew from American ideals inspiration to escape colonial status are today neutral at best. Why? One important reason is that our aid is suspect—suspect of being given to serve solely our own interests. And if aid is given solely to serve our own needs, then we do not offer to those we help the equality, justice or esteem which are so necessary for true friendship.

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Julius Nyerere, the brilliant young political leader in Tanganyika, suggested the suspicion others feel about Americans when he asked: "If Communism did not exist, would you be interested in us?" And he answered his own question by saying: "I think not. We understand the need to stand together against Russia, but we wonder whether or not your interest in Africa is primarily self-interest."

WE NEED to establish a science of international social justice—a detailed, practical, empirical science. The Constitution of the International Labor Organization of 1919, the Atlantic Charter of 1941, the United Nations Charter of 1945—all these lay down principles, but these principles to a large extent remain vague generalities. We must evolve practical applications of these principles, even though the task will not be easy. What are some of the problems we must face in the process? I will try to suggest a few.

There is, first of all, the question of national sovereignty. The unconditional affirmation of national sovereignty negates the establishment of any formalized code for international justice through international law. Yet a code of international law is necessary if we are to have objective norms to be imposed upon all parties in a given conflict.

The concept of a world society embracing the whole of mankind flows directly and fully from the requirements of natural law. The world is one and the totality of humanity is engaged in a continued reciprocity, creating mutual development, mutual problems, and a mutual cultural leveling that demands a system of international order. Nonetheless, American Catholics as a whole are suspicious of the U.N., of any limitations on national sovereignty, of any talk of world government. Many clearly suspect any attempt at "oneness" to be Communist-inspired. Here is a situation that calls for considerable soul-searching by Catholic leaders.

Concomitant with national sovereignty is the problem of the right to the goods of nature. The right of property is not an end in itself but a means. God created the wealth of the world for the use of all men. This is the end, and the right of property merely guarantees that use. No people have the right to refuse to use natural wealth for the good of all. This is the reasoning of St. Thomas Aquinas when he says that the use of natural wealth is a common use.

Pope Pius XII had this in mind when he declared in a Christmas message: "Within the limits of a new order founded on moral principles there is no place for that cold and calculating egoism which tends to hoard economic resources and materials destined for the use of all, to such an extent that the nations less favored by nature are not permitted access to them. In this regard, it is a source of great consolation to see admitted the necessity of a participation of all in the natural riches of the earth even on the part of those nations which, in the fulfillment of this principle, belong to the category of givers and not to that of receivers."

THESE ARE international problems stated in broad terms. There are, in addition, a multitude of questions which are of particular concern to localized areas but which nevertheless can affect mankind as a whole. One such problem, for instance, and it is a pressing problem, is land reform.

In many areas of the world a vast landless peasantry is living in a stagnating serfdom. Latin America is a good example, for Latin America is a scandal to the world. It was the promise of a more just distribution of land that brought Fidel Castro to power.

Simple parceling out of land and presenting it to each working family is not necessarily the solution in land reforms. There are many problems involved: the size of the holding needed to provide subsistence, the absence of private capital to develop the redistributed land, the question of water rights, the need for improved agricultural practices. Land reform demands a concomitant social action program: education, agricultural extension services, credit unions, cooperatives, rural resettlement. But these matters should be seen for what they are: problems which demand solution, not insuperable obstacles in the vitally needed programs of land reform. We cannot forget that "Land to him who tills it!" is a rallying cry all over the world.

Hand in hand with land reform we must face the problems associated with the rapid change to urbanization and industrialization for people who were formerly part of an agricultural society. This transfer has profound cultural and economic effects—in Africa, for example, rapid de-tribalization is giving rise to shanty towns that breed vice, disease and social corruption.

The urbanization involved in a shift to an industrial society is speeding forward at an ever more rapid tempo, not just in Africa but in many parts of the world, taxing public facilities, creating inadequate housing, depriving children of education, overpowering health and sanitation facilities. The chief casualty in this process is family life, which suffers from the loss of the kinship or tribal support found in rural society—particularly when urbanization takes the mother from the home into employment. Urbanization also directly affects the Church, because in village life the Catholic's church membership flows from his membership in the social community. Break this bond of community by transfer to the city, and the bond of church membership is easily broken at the same time.

The main problem in an urban society, as Canon Cardijn puts it, is to rescue man from his social isolation. Urban industrialization, Father Bernard Meyer

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has observed, has produced a great, new proletariat class, not because its members hold a subordinate place in society or simply because they are propertyless, but because they have no feeling of active participation or recognized status in the society. "Without these," Father Meyer says, "life lacks meaning. Thus the young individual in the proletariat is preoccupied, not with fulfilling any status role, but with self-centered satisfaction: food, sex and entertainment bound the horizons of his life. Substitute status is often sought in aggressive actions, such as acts of delinquency, joining movements of violence, or in the widespread practice of prestige-spending, found even among good people. . . ." There is no doubt that urban industrialization has far-reaching implications, and I fear we have only begun to get an inkling of them.

To turn to another grave problem, what are we to say about the population dilemma in which many nations are caught? Catholic morality does not permit artificial birth control or abortion, but this cannot be our only reaction to the problem. Condemnation alone is clearly no solution.

World population is now doubling itself in less than a hundred years. Some demographer has figured out that in 2,500 years at present rates of growth there will be one man to every square yard of the earth's surface including the sea. The next step will be for someone to figure out when all the planets will be filled. This is the kind of material that makes headlines, but discussions of what will take place a thousand years or even a hundred years from now are largely academic. Our concern, it seems to me, should be centered on the immediate effects of the population dilemma, with full knowledge that solutions to these problems will call for the best efforts of Catholic experts in demography, economics, agriculture, industry, philosophy and theology.

THE TRUTH is, sadly enough, that it would be quite possible to go on listing and discussing international problems for many pages: underdeveloped nations; the refugee problem; the residual effects of colonialism; housing; education; medical care; the class extremes in international society; racial tensions. But there is one basic underlying problem which can defeat every effort to solve other problems. Alan Drury, in *Advise and Consent,* describes it well. He writes:

"This was the era, domestically, when everything was half done; the era, in foreign affairs, when nothing was done right because nobody seemed to care enough to exercise the foresight and take the pains to see that it was done right. . . . The great Age of the Shoddy came upon America after the war, and Everybody Wants His became the guiding principle for far too many. With it came the Age of the Shrug, the time when it was too hard and too difficult and too bothersome to worry about tomorrow, or even very much about today, when the problems of world leadership were too large and too insistent and too frightening to be grasped and so everybody would rather sigh and shrug and concentrate instead on bigger and bigger cars and shinier and shinier appliances and longer and longer vacations in a sort of helpless blind seeking after Nirvana that soothed them but unfortunately only encouraged their enemies. A dry rot had affected America in these recent years, and every sensitive American knew it."

In my mind this problem of apathy on the part of Catholics is the most serious challenge that confronts us. We have a small and articulate group which is seriously and actively concerned with domestic and international social problems. We have another small and even more articulate group which is firmly opposed to any international involvement. But by and large our Catholic people are insensible to these concerns, dwelling in a vast void of silence. It is not, of course, that they are in favor of hunger, oppression, disease. But they are so wrapped up in their own cares, comforts and personal worlds that they have subconsciously drawn the shades so as not to be disturbed by the problems outside.

The challenge we face is to awaken the conscience of Catholic America, to make Catholics understand that in Baptism they were pledged to service of God and neighbor. We must show them how to raise their sights, to see the whole world as a single unit. We must help them to hear the voices that call out to them—the myriad voices of Africa, Asia, Latin America, the voices of brown men, white men, yellow men, black men, the voices of our brothers and sisters, the human race.

Some years ago, I stood at the top of a hill in the town of Antigua, Guatemala. With me was Monsignor Luigi Ligutti of the International Catholic Rural Life Conference, the Vatican's permanent representative at the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations. Together we watched as a long line of men struggled up the steep slope, some carrying pottery, some wood, others sacks of grain, but each loaded down under a heavy burden which he would carry all day for the equivalent of thirty-five cents. "You know," Monsignor Ligutti observed, "every revolution is fought to take that burden off the Indian's back. Yet when it is over, he is still carrying it."

That burden is the challenge that faces us. We must not only lift it from the backs of the poor, the hungry and the sick of the world, we must also convince our Catholic people that the burden must be lifted not out of charity, not out of pity, but from a deep and abiding sense of international justice. We must show Catholics that as long as that burden is there, each one of us is also carrying it.

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Baptists in Russia

by S. KRAINOV

EDITORS' NOTE: The Communist magazine Younost *recently published a few pages from the diary of a member of Komsomol (Communist Youth), with the comment that the author "cannot reconcile himself with the fact that in our century of the great victory of reason, of the atom and of space vehicles, the minds of young people are corrupted by obscurantists." In publishing a translation of these pages for its readers, the Paris bi-weekly* Informations Catholiques Internationales *added this note: "Presented by a non-believer, a convinced atheist, the observations of Krainov comprise interesting documentation of the spiritual preoccupations of Soviet youth, who—according to the author—prefer a 'substitute' to the sterile Communist ideology."*

JULY 6. Every Sunday at the same hour a group of boys and girls with little books in their hands go past my window. They are going to visit my neighbor, Elizabeth Simonovna, who is sick; I hear them singing songs which are unfamiliar to me. They stay at her house late, until after midnight. During the week two girls come to my neighbor's. They bring her provisions from the store, minister to her and set her room in order. . . .

July 11. It seems that my neighbor belongs to the Baptist sect. She said, referring to her visitors: "They are my brothers in Jesus Christ." I smiled and took my leave.

July 19. I know from the papers that there are believers in our country, yet this is the first time I have actually seen people who believe. To my surprise, I find that they are young people. One of the girls came again today. I tried to joke with her, but she suddenly turned serious for no apparent reason and told me: "We are disciples of Christ. . . ." Imagine! She is young, her place should be in the Komsomol. . . . I asked where the Baptist meeting is held. I shall certainly go.

July 27. Last evening I went to one of their meetings. Many people were on hand, perhaps because it was Sunday. For some reason they were blowing their noses and mopping their brows. What was the matter with these poor people? On the platform someone fell to his knees, closed his eyes and prayed: "Lord . . ." I waited for someone to say something sensible. I waited for a long time. Finally I turned to a young man at my side; "Brother Paul" is what he called himself. He is twenty-four. He is proud: "I have believed for three years now." I asked him: "Where is God, then?" "Where is there where He is not?" he replied. "We live in communion with Him, Our God, Jesus Christ. With us everything is simple, we are all equal. The elders and preachers are dressed in everyday clothes just like everyone else. We have no need of formalism. Everything is based on love and a desire to come to the aid of our neighbor. . ."

The old women who were around us nodded their heads in approval. The young man became more and more excited. He recited the words, "My beloved Lord"! "My Shepherd!" "Heavenly Paradise!"

I could not help smiling. I felt I might even burst out laughing. However, I controlled myself.

After the meeting, elderly "sisters" and "brothers" blocked the passageway. They embraced each other, clasping each other's hands; then they filed into the square to "praise the Lord" out there. . . .

I returned to my house with a heavy heart. It is humiliating to state that so many young people were there. How is it possible? They are young people of my own age. They grew up with me, went to the same schools, and now we work in Soviet institutions. Why do they seem to be so weak and ineffectual?

AUGUST 1. Zina is the name of the girl who first said to me: "We are disciples of Christ." I have learned some of the details of her life. From her infancy she loved music and dancing. She was a member of a choreography group of the House of Culture. At the age of fifteen she became a member of an Ensemble that sang and danced; she visited many cities in the U.S.S.R. and appeared on television. She was bored at home. My neighbor often invited Zina to accompany her to the Baptist Church, and one day the girl accepted. Well before the meeting my neighbor had introduced her to the "brothers" and "sisters." The old woman and the young people came up to her, embraced her, smiled upon her. . . .

"When I went to see them," said Zina, "everything struck me as extraordinary, interesting. And when the choir began to sing I even wept, the songs moved me so much."

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The "sisters," having noticed the girl's interest in the music and the hymns, convinced her little by little that these hymns are "divine," "special," that the "holy books" contain true wisdom, that in carrying out the commandments transmitted in these books one can win eternal life.

Zina took as genuine the exterior marks of warmth and solicitude she encountered. She welcomed, besides, the possibility the Baptists offered of singing these "divine" and "spiritual" songs. All this aroused the girl's enthusiasm and soon she abandoned teaching and her cultural group. They procured books for her with the text of the divine songs that they call "gusli." She began to sing in the choir, never missing a Baptist meeting. That's their game! They used the opportunity to sing as bait to attract her to religion. It is with thousands of tentacles that the Baptists attract young people: at the houses of their friends, at work, at their meetings, they look for new victims, as they seek to put into practice the words they sing in the course of their meetings: "It is only souls I want to bring to Jesus."

The atmosphere of fraternity and love has a special influence on girls, on women. That is what appealed to Zina, the talented dancer. . . . That is what likewise appealed to a teacher from the Moscow School, Katerina Dmitrievna, who in turn brought her elderly mother. Now both of them go together to pray. The only time Katerina has missed a meeting was the day of the election to the local soviets. She was delayed at the electoral commission.

August 12. The servants of Christ must assuredly have taken a course in rhetoric. At nearly every meeting a sermon can be heard. . . . The preacher counsels patience and submission, and speaks of the joy of having been chosen by the Holy Spirit. He enjoins his listeners not to be preoccupied with "earthly" affairs, for these things are corruptible and vain and lead man to the snares of sin and vice. In general the preacher appeals to a suffocating obscurity far removed from life. What benefit can there be from these people's withdrawing from life and not caring about "earthly" matters? They wish people to learn nothing, to make no progress, to invent nothing, to attain no end. What they call for is spiritual death. . . .

August 31. When they notice that someone is discontented with the conditions of life or encountering difficulties in his work, the Baptists cultivate by every means such a state of mind. They encourage sentiments of distrust toward life. Under the cloak of religious words they stimulate hate for the "world," for the Komsomol, and in general for everything that is progressive.

Yesterday in the course of an evening meeting an aged "sister" taught the young people: "Be fearful of falling under the domination of the vain and sinful world which devours; flee it, hearken to the Word of God and spread it among the people. . . ."

SEPTEMBER 5. The Baptist leaders tend toward a fanaticism without limits. Moreover, this is favored by the blind obedience of the members. In order to be admitted to the bosom of the sect, believers have to undergo a period of trial—three years—under the supervision of two experienced Baptists. The members of the sect attentively observe the acts of everyone and discuss them in the course of their meetings; if a Baptist leaves one city for another, the community in the second city is notified. . . .

I notice in this regard that some of us, even certain Komsomol organizations, sometimes prove to be very inept in seeking to exercise pressure on young people who have fallen under the religious influence. The Komsomol of the institute where my friend Raia studies, having learned that she was a Baptist, did nothing more than send her an invitation to an anti-religious meeting. And the professor gave a didactic lecture, and at the same time put in Raia's hands a few anti-religious brochures. Nothing came of it. . . .

September 21. I thought all day about the same thing: the warmth, the solicitude, the understanding, even the embraces of these unknown people. . . . It seems that young people who go to these meetings seek to attain a relationship of spiritual communion; for why should we try to hide the fact that in our enterprises and our scientific institutions everywhere, in the collectivity as well as in the active local groups, it comes about that certain people live in spiritual isolation? But young people truly seek for love, friendship, respect, each for the other. And how difficult it is for them to find such an atmosphere in their Komsomol milieu, in their work, in their clubs!

If this attitude constitutes a weakness, the sectarians who make propaganda in favor of religion immediately profit by it in order to exploit the natural penchant of young people for the beautiful, for friendliness. . . .

September 28. It seems to me that a good half of the young people go regularly to the Baptists only to listen to the singing and to mingle with the choir. It is not for nothing that the Bapists render such popular melodies as the works of Mendelssohn, Bach and Grieg. Young people love songs and sentimental melodies.

By comparison with the dry and monotonous program given in our clubs, in our Houses of Culture, those of the Baptists are more interesting. With us there is invariably a solemn part, an amateurish artistic part whose quality is generally not very high. And at the end, dancing. Where are the meetings, discussions, the open-hearted conversations about life?

Isn't this why some of our young people are attracted by certain substitutes?

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EVERY CHRISTMAS

THEY have set up the big tree in Rockefeller Plaza; the skinny street-corner Santa Clauses are out again and above the low mournful sounds of New York traffic their little silver bells are as insistent as *Sanctus* warnings; the big stores on Fifth Avenue are gaily festooned and buzzing with shoppers—Christmas is here again. At Mass the choir sings *Rorate coeli desuper*—liturgically, another year has passed and Christ is about to be born again. It seems not the time to write of events but of the Event.

It is said that the celebration of Christmas is becoming ever more secularized, and this is sadly true. But how can one who has ever considered the Event go through the season dumbly? For a Catholic the memories of a lifetime rise to the surface. One cannot be a Catholic and not know faith, in himself and others, and it is the faith that the Child was born and the world was redeemed which gives Christmas its meaning. Even to those who say Christmas is a myth, just the possibility of it, the fact that millions upon millions of good men have believed it, gives the feast its ultimate meaning. Voltaire is supposed to have said that if God did not exist He would have had to be invented. But who could have invented Christmas?

Halfway through life (a matter of statistics), you look back upon all the Christmases you have known. Each one is a little different from the others. The Event remains changeless. You change though, and you either learn more of what Christmas means—which is growth—or the meaning of it begins to escape you —which, I take it, is retrogression. The child understands Christmas as a child; the Trappist monk understands it as a man. It is better to be a man, unless you have lost the clarity of childhood—and then it may be better if you had never heard of Christmas because you have moved away from, not towards, the changeless Event.

As a youngster you learn that Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, that there were Wise Men and shepherds and angels in the stable with the Child, His Mother and St. Joseph and that a wonderful thing happened. You may not understand why the Child was born, because you know nothing of sin (that comes with the dark wisdom of maturity), but you know that what happened was a thing of wonder, of beauty and of love—and that is enough for faith. That is enough for a child's Christmas.

I remember third grade and a certain Sister Sara. We were all boys in that class, and yet the Sister wanted a Christmas play. Some of us were angels and a few were shepherds. There were Three Kings and a St. Joseph, and one kid named Emil was dressed in blue and white, to be the Blessed Virgin. I remember that he wore a first-communion veil over his head and a long blue robe. He must have been a holy sight. But so solemn was the occasion, so lively our faith, that no one openly jeered at him. To make fun of poor Emil would have been impious.

This was the cast. The rest of us were "extras." First we were the townsfolk of Bethlehem. Mary and Joseph went from desk to desk, pleading for room, and our role was to turn them away until finally they reached one Peter's desk. He was the kindly inn-keeper who offered room in his stable. You can imagine the zest with which we played the hard-hearted townsfolk of Bethlehem. In the third grade villains are far more meaningful than heroes. I still remember the piping voices: "Go way, go way from here!"

Then, when the weary trudge from desk to desk was finished, the Mother and St. Joseph disappeared from sight—this was the way Sister Sara planned it —and the angry townsfolk became an angelic choir. "Winds through the olive trees softly did blow, round little Bethlehem, long, long ago," the class sang with devotion while the Sister—childlike herself—pumped the little hand-organ, playing a wheezy accompaniment. Then, the makeshift curtain was raised for the classic tableau. We all sang another angelic chorus: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

This was crude perhaps, rude—but it was Sister Sara's way, and I have never forgotten it. The Sister surely did not know much about advanced methods of education, but there is the record: it happened many years ago, and whenever it is Christmas I think of the "play," as we called it, the year Emil with the blue robe over his corduroy trousers and high-laced shoes was the Mother and yet nobody laughed.

That was the Christmas when the real story first made a deep impression. Before that it had been Santa Claus (or pretending to believe in Santa Claus so the folks would not be disappointed) and the presents under the tree, and a hazy idea of what was being celebrated. But the year Emil was the Blessed Mother, the Event itself came into clear focus, and ever since, though I should lose my faith a thousand times over, when Christmas is celebrated, I would still have to lose it again. You can't escape Christmas; you can only escape yourself.

JOHN COGLEY.

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H. G. Wells and War

by F. H. DRINKWATER

SAY WHAT you like, but H. G. Wells, in those early books before he took to reforming human society, was a truly great storyteller, a great imaginative genius. Perhaps he is not read much by the young at the moment, but people will come back to him. The best of his novels are constantly reprinted, and old fogeys like the present writer can still recapture something of the first thrill they had from them.

Strangely enough, though, one of those early books, one which made a tremendous impression on my youthful mind fifty years ago, is now all but forgotten. It had all the Wellsian assets of his best period—the science fiction, the loving description of people and what happens to them, the passion for improving the world not yet sunk to sermonizing. Yet the book has been quite unobtainable for many years, has disappeared from the public library shelves, and has probably never been heard of by most people under fifty. Its name was *The War in the Air,* not to be confused with *The War of Worlds,* also by Wells.

The War in the Air was written in 1907, before Bleriot had flown the Channel and when Zeppelins had scarcely been heard of. Flying was clearly bound to come, and the military were already thinking how useful it would be for reconnoitering, spotting for the gunners, and so forth. But Wells had already decided that flying had changed the nature of war, making it purely destructive; nobody can win, there can be only mutual destruction. Thus he was a true prophet; like the prophets of old, his perspective was a little foreshortened, but nuclear weapons are with us and after fifty years his imaginative picture of universal ruin is a real possibility staring us in the face.

The War in the Air, as Wells narrates it in 1907, apparently takes place about 1915 or 1920. Flying has become practical, and various governments have developed it rapidly and secretly. A dispute between Germany and America flares into war, a large secret fleet of German airships destroys the American Navy in the Atlantic, and tries unsuccessfully to terrorize the American cities by bombardment from the air.

Meanwhile, the Yellow Empire (China marshalled by Japan) attacks the German airships with thousands of small fighting planes and puts great armies into California. On the way, the Japanese planes destroy the secret British air-base, which was in India. After a few weeks of global destructiveness and governmental breakdown comes spreading social disintegration, completed by famine and pestilence, all this painted in broad poster-like colors in the novel's eleventh chapter, "The Great Collapse." Here Wells was at his true Wellsian form:

"And now the whole fabric of civilization was bending and giving and dropping to pieces and melting in the furnace of war." At first when disaster had begun "people could not think of it as anything but a jolt, or hitch, a mere oscillatory indication of the swiftness of their progress. Collapse, though it happened all about them, remained incredible. Presently some falling mass smote them down, or the ground opened beneath their feet. They died incredible."

LATER on, he says: "It is not within the design of this book to tell that further story, to tell how the War in the Air kept on through the sheer inability of any authorities to meet and agree and end it, until every organized government in the world was as shattered and broken as a heap of china beaten with a stick. With every week of those terrible years history becomes more detailed and confused, more crowded and uncertain. Not without great and heroic resistance was civilization borne down. Out of the bitter social conflict below rose patriotic associations, brotherhoods or orders, city mayors, princes, provisional committees, trying to establish an order below and to keep the sky above. The double effort destroyed them. And as the exhaustion of the mechanical resources of civilization clears the heavens of airships at last altogether, Anarchy, Famine and Pestilence are discovered triumphant below.

"The great nations and empires have become but names in the mouths of men. Everywhere there are ruins and unburied dead, and shrunken, yellow-faced survivors in a mortal apathy. Here there are robbers, here vigilance committees, and here guerrilla bands ruling patches of exhausted territory, strange federations and brotherhoods form and dissolve, and religious fanataticisms begotten of despair gleam in famine-bright eyes. It is a universal dissolution. The fine order

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and welfare of the earth have crumpled like an exploded bladder. In five short years the world and the scope of human life have undergone a retrogressive change as great as that between the age of the Antonines and the Europe of the ninth century. . . ."

In a preface to a reprint of this book in 1921, Wells wrote: "In 1907 this chapter was read with hearty laughter as the production of an 'imaginative novelist's' distempered brain. Is it quite so wildly funny today?" In 1960 the question does not need to be asked; we feel we are standing on the very verge of that abyss.

One may well ask: Why has this book been forgotten? Perhaps it was too uncomfortably close to probabilities to form acceptable fare for the novel-reading public, which mostly reads for escape. Then, too, in some minor details, the prophet was mistaken, and who wants to read prophecies that haven't come off?

Wells expected mono-railways, he overestimated the damage that could be done by high explosives, he did not foresee Lenin or Hitler. But in other ways he was a successful prophet even in technical matters. He saw that modern war would be global, and that governments would prepare in secret. He knew that airships would prove too vulnerable, that armored battleships would be helpless in air attacks, and that air mastery alone could not insure victory. He foresaw pushbutton warfare, and he realized (in 1907) the precarious fragility of our city civilization.

Yes, on the whole Wells could fairly claim to see into the future, and some words of his 1921 preface hit home with us in 1960: "Some years before the Great War," he wrote (meaning the Kaiser's war of course), "the shadows stood out upon our sunny world as plainly as all that. . . . The great catastrophe marched upon us in the daylight. But everybody thought that somebody else would stop it before it arrived. . . . The process goes on."

IT MUST not be supposed that the novelist narrates this cosmic catastrophe entirely in wide general pictures like a history book. There are some such passages, but the main story is seen through the eyes of an ordinary "little man," like Kipps or Mr. Polly, and there is some romantic interest at the beginning and again at the end.

Young Bert Smallways, partner in a bicycle repair shop, by a series of seaside mischances finds himself alone in a balloon which drifts across the sea and comes down right in the middle of the German air-fleet which is just taking off to attack the United States. Being mistaken for a well-known English inventor, he is forcibly taken with the fleet and sees the early stages of the war. A year or so later, with the world in ruins around him, he makes his way back to England (having acquired much experience of human nature, and also a revolver) and finds his girl friend Edna still alive and still hoping against hope for his return.

Between her tears, Edna explained that the countryside where she and her aunt lived had fallen under the sway of a band of toughs led by a chief called Bill Gore. Gore's followers had been organized by a local nobleman of advanced philosophic views, whose mind ran to "improving the race" and producing the Superman, which in practice took the form of himself especially and his followers in moderation marrying with some frequency. When this nobleman disappeared—no one quite knew how—Bill Gore had succeeded to the leadership of the group, and was following up the ideas of his erstwhile chief with unrestrained enthusiasm. One day he had come upon Edna, who was able to resist for the time the urgency of his wooing, and had promised to come back for her. He might come back at any time, Edna said.

Here, Wells says, one would like to be able to say that Bertie met his rival in chivalric encounter, and won the hand of his beloved through a miracle of courage and love. But that is not what happened. Instead, Bert "reloaded his revolver very carefully, and then sat in the best room of the cottage . . .looking anxious and perplexed, and listening to talk about Bill and his ways, and thinking, thinking. Then suddenly Edna's aunt, with a thrill in her voice, announced the appearance of that individual. He was coming with two others of his gang through the garden gate. Bert got up, put the woman aside, and looked out. . . .

" 'Edna!' he called, and when she came he opened the front door. He asked very simply, and pointing to the foremost of the three, 'That 'im? . . . Sure?' . . . and being told that it was, shot his rival instantly and very accurately through the chest. He then shot Bill's best man much less tidily in the head, and then shot at and winged the third man as he fled. . . .

"Then Bert stood still meditating with the pistol in his hand, and quite regardless of the women behind him."

Realizing at once that he would be dealt with as an assassin if he did not enter politics immediately, he went down to the village pub to "hold a meeting." With the revolver conspicuously in hand, Bert informed the assembled idlers of his intention to form a "Vigilance Committee."

"There was a quick but entirely respectful discussion of the situation. They thought him a lunatic who had tramped into this neighborhood ignorant of Bill. They desired to temporize until their leader came. Bill would settle him. Some one spoke of Bill.

" 'Bill's dead,' said Bert. 'I jest shot 'im. We don't need reckon with 'im. 'E's shot, and a red-'aired chap with a squint, 'e's shot. We've settled up all that. There ain't going to be no more Bill, ever. 'E'd got wrong ideas about marriage and things. It's 'is sort of

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chap we're after.'

"That carried the meeting.

"Bill was perfunctorily buried, and Bert's Vigilance Committee (for so it continued to be called) reigned in his stead.

SO FAR as Bert Smallways is concerned, that is the end of the story. Bert and Edna became squatters among the clay and oak thickets of the Weald, far from the stream of events. Life for them became a succession of peasants, adventures, an affair of pigs and hens and small needs and little economies and children, "until Clapham and Bun Hill and all the life of the Scientific Age became to Bert no more than the fading memory of a dream. He never knew how the War in the Air went on, nor whether it still went on. There were rumors of airships going and coming, and of happenings Londonward. Once or twice their shadows fell on him as he worked, but whence they came or whither they went he could not tell. Even his desire to tell died out for want of food. At times came robbers and thieves, at times came diseases among the beasts and shortness of food, once the country was worried by a pack of boar-hounds he helped to kill; he went through many inconsecutive and irrelevant adventures. He survived them all.

"Accident and death came near them both ever and again, and passed them by; and they loved and suffered and were happy, and she bore him many children—eleven children—one after the other, of whom only four succumbed to the necessary hardships of their simple life. They lived and did well, as well was understood in those days. They went the way of all flesh, year by year."

As we said, that is the end of the story, but Mr. Wells also provides us with an Epilogue, which (I suspect) is additional to the magazine version in which the novel first appeared. Bert's father, old Tom Smallways, has somehow survived all these vicissitudes. Ten years or so after Bert's return old Tom is still living at Bun Hill (subsisting mostly on rats and suchlike), though he has moved into one of the abandoned semi-detached villas. To Bun Hill one day comes Bert's little boy Ted, on one of his rare visits to his grandfather, and we are given a few pages of their conversation. Ted has seen an unusual sight—a man riding an old bicycle. Tom talks reminiscently of the old times, when roads were full of traffic and there was plenty to eat; he tries to explain oranges and bananas. There are eerie tales of the skeletons and ghosts in the vast empty ruins of London; and of the days of the pestilence; and finally they speak of the war that started it all.

" 'But why did they start the War?'

" 'They couldn't stop themselves. 'Aving them airships made 'em.'

" 'And 'ow did the War end?'

" 'Lord knows if it's ended, boy,' said old Tom. 'Lord knows if it's ended. There's been travelers through 'ere—there was a chap only two summers ago—say it's going on still. They say there's bands of people up north who keep on with it, and people in Germany and in China and 'Merica and places. 'E said they still got flying-machines and gas and things. But we 'aven't seen nothin' in the air now for seven years, and nobody 'asn't come nigh of us. Last we saw was a crumpled sort of airship going away—over there. It was a littleish-sized thing and lop-sided, as though it 'ad something the matter with it.'

" 'But why didn't they end the War?'

" 'Obstinacy. Everybody was getting 'urt, but everybody was 'urtin' and everybody was 'igh-spirited and patriotic, and so they smeshed up things instead. They jes' went on smeshing. And afterwards they jes got desp'rite and savige.'

" 'It ought to 'ave ended,' said the little boy.

" 'It didn't ought to 'ave begun.' said old Tom, 'but people was proud . . . uppish and proud. . . .Give in—not them! And after a bit nobody arst 'em to give in. . . .

"He sucked his old gums thoughtfully, and his gaze strayed away across the valley to where the shattered glass of the Crystal Palace glittered in the sun. A dim, large sense of waste and irrevocable lost opportunities pervaded his mind. He repeated his ultimate judgment upon all these things, obstinately, slowly, and conclusively, his final saying upon the matter.

" 'You can say what you like,' he said, 'it didn't ought ever to 'ave begun.'

"He said it simply—somebody somewhere ought to have stopped something, but who or how or why were all beyond his ken."

TERESA OF AVILA

Almighty God could make again
did malice unmake the world
from my turning heart, a world of use enough.

When I ride under moon, it is
in love in love frosty wheels tune.

Profiles, trades, brogues, oxen washed
milk-white, hillsides
holding, still as old shepherds, valleys of lambs—

a universe His majesty had not
foreseen? Seed, pollen, world
by what gravity drawn, by wind driven, nest
in this dun body, burr
to my heart.

DANIEL BERRIGAN, S. J.

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THE SCREEN

OUT OF TUNE

THE BRITISH have a way of coming up with themes that American films seldom touch, and frequently these off-beat movies attract American audiences and even goad Hollywood moguls toward new lines. A couple of these imports are on our screens now and are bound to win followers who are looking for something different.

As a study in frustration, "Tunes of Glory" turns up a hornets' nest of thwarted Scots. Set in a chilly old Scottish castle that is the peacetime headquarters of a Highland Regiment, the story is so well acted that it seems even better than it is. Alec Guinness is excellent as the crude, rude commanding officer who led these men through the war and who considers them his special charges; and they have a certain affection for him even though they are well aware of his roughness, his excessive drinking and his overbearing pride in his up-from-the-ranks record. Colonel Guinness is understandably resentful when a new commanding officer arrives to take over. Equally excellent is John Mills as the new C.O., an educated gentleman who suffered through most of the war in an enemy prison camp. Although he has dreamed since boyhood of taking over this regiment, Colonel Mills, with his strict sense of justice, discipline and decorum, has no easy time of it when his officers rally round smug Guinness who knows how to make a fool of this "wee, stupid man."

Surrounding these two first-rate performers in their competition for regimental prestige as well as acting honors are a good castful of characters also tied up in knots of frustration: Dennis Price as the Iago-like second-in-command who stirs up more trouble between the two colonels because he thinks he should have the top job; Susannah York as Guinness' attractive daughter who knows her father will be furious when he learns of her romance with a young regimental piper; John Fraser as this corporal piper on whom Guinness, when rubbed raw by rival Mills, focuses all his anger in an explosion that starts the film's tense climax. Playing the story's calmest and sanest characters are Gordon Jackson as the adjutant who, still loyal to Guinness, is determined to be fair to Mills, Kay Walsh as a former love of Guinness who sticks by him when the real trouble starts, Duncan MacRae as the piper major who tries to talk some sense into the romantic young couple.

If Colin Lesslie hadn't given his film such a good production, with fine, realistic shots in Technicolor, Ronald Neame's superb direction, and an outstanding cast, "Tunes of Glory" might have been little more than a collection of frustrated types. The script Lesslie wrote isn't always in keeping with the tragic finale; and the plot isn't always believable. But the whole thing, with its Dickensian survey of man's inhumanity to man, is fascinating, and its conclusion stirring.

FEARFUL of offending either side, Hollywood has pretty much shied away from films about labor and management, so the appearance of two British movies on this subject is all the more welcome. Earlier this year the Boulting Brothers' hilarious "I'm All Right Jack," which gave the razzberry to both labor and management in some brilliant satire and slapstick, was as popular in the United States as it had been in Great Britain. "The Angry Silence" is a serious "I'm All Right, Jack." Tom, very well played by Richard Attenborough, is a member of the union at the factory in his industrial town. When an unofficial strike is fomented by an outside troublemaker, Tom and a small group of fellow workers refuse to join the strikers. Violence on the part of the union members brings all the recalcitrants into line—except Tom. He is subsequently punished by the union by being given the silent treatment, with dire results.

Although very well produced by Richard Attenborough and Bryan Forbes, with a good, large cast and some interesting black-and-white photography, "The Angry Silence" is not entirely satisfactory. Its script, written by Bryan Forbes from an original story by Richard Gregson and Michael Craig, confuses the issues at stake between management and labor. Here management is only interested in profits and the union is too easily the dupe of the outside troublemaker whose background and motives are not identified. Furthermore, the film, although it is well directed by Guy Green and includes moving scenes of Tom's home life with his wife (Pier Angeli) and featherweight pal (Michael Craig), fizzles out at the end. But "The Angry Silence" does excel in saying a man must stand up and do what he thinks right.

THE BOULTING Brothers, who like to stick a pin in stuffiness wherever they find it—and they have found it in the past few years in their comedies about capital, labor, diplomacy, law, and the army—now tackle English schools. But their plot in "A French Mistress" is so thin that it might serve better an old-fashioned musical comedy than a substantial satire. It concerns what happens at Melbury public school when the new French master turns out to be not only a French mistress but also a very attractive young woman (Agnes Laurent). The boys and most of the masters, even the staid ones, go ga-ga. When the Headmaster's son (Ian Bannen) seems to win out, everyone beams—except the Headmaster (Cecil Parker) who has cause to think he's the girl's father. This is a pretty silly story, but

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the Boultings (producer John and director Roy) make the most of it in situations that are sometimes an amusing joke and sometimes a zany caricature.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

CONSPECTUS

ALL THE Way Home: The Agee ceremonial of mortality is divested by the very nature of theater of its lyrical extension and keening inward pressure, but so gravely austere in its reach and intimation that it ends by being never less than an honorable act.

Little Moon of Alban: Mr. James Costigan's contribution to the hagiography of the Easter rebellion echoes too frequently an exhausted experience, and one not really his, but its sanctity of mind and genuine search for a form are distinctly impressive.

Hedda Gabler: Miss Anne Meacham as the serpentine paradigm of "modern woman, the lost sex," in a performance which wants more modulation before it will release Ibsen's full anatomy of thwarted energy.

Tenderloin: Moral Reform which succeeds, in musical comedy as in life, in removing from evil not only half its grossness but all of its reality.

The Plough and the Stars: The O'Casey, in one of those tumultuous aggregations of domestic pathos and Irish venality which constitute, for me, *the* inexplicable reputation of contemporary drama.

Under the Yum-Yum Tree: Lubricity and tedium overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge, seasoned only by the lightly padding lunacy of Mr. Gig Young as a bibulous Pan.

The 49th Cousin: Mr. Menasha Skulnik in one of his fastidiously detailed genre portraits of Jewish character and type, set in a lovingly rendered domestic frame.

The Unsinkable Molly Brown: Miss Tammy Grimes projecting artificial Americana with her uniquely distilled blend of pixillated elegance and belt-him-in-the-mouth, boys: a singular fancy, and even given the fatigue of its one joke systematically exploited, a constant diversion.

Camelot: Pampered, polished, published, panted for —opening then to disclose the quite acceptable glamour of a handsomely romantic musical fantasy: notable most, perhaps, for its reminder that perfection is a counsel, not something likely to turn up on West 44th Street.

An Evening with Nichols and May: The Smilers with the Knife, in as eerie and freshly diabolic an *auto-da-fe* as any American Grand Inquisitor might wish.

RICHARD HAYES.

BOOKS

The Development of a Great Poetic Talent

COLLECTED POEMS, 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. $6.

By JANET FISCALINI

RICHARD Eberhart's first book of poems, *Bravery of Earth,* was published in 1930, while he was at Cambridge, and at that time his name was associated with the group which included William Empson and I. A. Richards. Since then, he has published more than six volumes of poetry, among them *Reading the Spirit,* in 1937, *Song and Idea,* in 1942, and *Burr Oaks,* in 1947. He has been well represented in the anthologies, and the prizes and honors mentioned on the dust jacket of his *Collected Poems* suggest his achievement.

This collection keeps the chronological order; those familiar with contemporary poetry will know the earlier work, in which the personal accent derived from a kind of learned innocence, a wonderful energy animating traditional lyric themes and styles. The titles of the poems, many of which were simply the first lines, suggested a romantic but principled anthology, including some new seventeenth-century sonnets, some Blake quatrains, and some late Yeats.

Eberhart was likely to begin with a venerable inversion, as in "When Golden Flies upon my Carcase come," with Blakean openness, as in "I walked out to the graveyard to see the dead," or with a command, as in "Now come to me all men in savagery and innocence." The diction, as well as the tone and syntax, took something from high moments of English contemplative poetry, the poetry whose traditonal themes include the experience of ecstasy in nature and the loss of that experience, the vision of death, and of the spirit's limits and powers.

While the language may have reflected the influence of the Cambridge group, it suited Eberhart's apprehension of these themes, an apprehension which remained innocent, almost old fashioned, despite his modern awareness of epistemological questions. Abstractions like "mind," "will," "desire," or "folly," "evil," and "joy," were intended to keep their old resonance, and even, in some poems, to take on a kind of Blakean personality. Eberhart's poems used moral and universal statement frequently and explicitly, social or psychological observation only implicitly and occasionally, at a time when the other direction was fashionable. In turn, he tended to take his images from

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nature, or from the poetic stock, rather than from history, from the contemporary setting, or like Empson, from science.

Eberhart had great technical facility, but it was his terrific energy and openness which kept the poems from pastiche. One sees this force in "Now is the air made of chiming balls," "In prisons of established craze," "The Groundhog," or "If I could only live at the pitch that is near madness":

"If I could only live at the pitch
that is near madness,
When everything is as it was in
my childhood...

Then I cast time out of the trees
and fields
Then I stood immaculate in the
Ego:
Then I eyed the world with all delight.
Reality was the perfection of my
sight.

I saw battalions of the race of
mankind
Standing stolid, demanding a moral
answer.

I gave the moral answer and I died
And into a realm of complexity
came
Where nothing is possible but
necessity
And the truth wailing there like a
red babe."

The dangers were evident enough: the reduced terms might end in triteness, or the stridency in rant. It is true that some of the later poems are mere newspaper verse, with all the equipment—"poetic diction," heavy, predictable accents and alliteration. "The Oak" and "Go to the Shine" are examples. I am not sure, on the other hand, whether "The Tobacconist of Eighth Street" is rant, or not. At the very least, it is splendid rant.

Unfortunately, stylistic imitation and confusion are very common in the later books. What are we to think of "One of the surprises of nature . . . the well dressed, elegant tree-swallow whose grace defies a sweep of the pen . . ."? Or of so much reworked Wallace Stevens? It is a rather dubious way which leads from "Mysticism Has Not the Patience to wait for God's Revelation" to "The Verbalist of Summer." Sometimes, it is not merely another poet's language which is adopted, but his material and the movement of his perception; "The Equivalence of Gnats and Mice" has the situation and structure of a poem by Moore, and "Sunday in October" of one by Frost.

Failures are no easier to explain than successes, and the failures of a writer as prolific and professional as Mr. Eberhart may have many causes. It is clear, however, that age, experience, and an altered concern had something to do with his search for new models. He was in his forties during the second world war, and the horror and despair he felt at that time were apparent in many poems, some of which could not contain the personal feeling. Afterward, there was more looking outward, more sense of time and place, more concern with the relation of man to man. The lyric "I" was less frequent, the mood less strenuously active, the tone quieter.

Some strong and graceful things came of this. "A Ship Burning and a Comet all in one day," "The Gods of Washington D.C.," "The Horse Chestnut Trees," "Seals, Terns, Time" are as fine as anything in the first books.

But here, as earlier, the temper and perception remain constant, and they are not the temper and perception of the poet-botanist, the poet-connoisseur, or the poet-psychologist. Such attitudes which today frequently seem to merge in one Contemporary Poet, genially reserved, richly knowing, and given to minimal statements, develop from a sense of particulars, of manners, of character, and the incongruities and complications of history. When Eberhart, with his urgency, his feeling for a constant nature and for moral categories, attempts this, it is something like a strict fundamentalist struggling with a committee of mental hygienists. The disproportion is striking in "Off Spectacle Island" and "The Protagonists." "The Protagonists" has the same theme as one of his most famous poems, "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment":

You would think the fury of aerial
bombardment
Would rouse God to relent; the infinite spaces
Are still silent. He looks on shockpried faces.
History, even, does not know what
is meant.

You would feel that after so many
centuries
God would give man to repent; yet
he can kill
As Cain could, but with multitudinous will...

Eberhart is not always so grandly open, but the tendency is important. If it has made him vulnerable, it has given him, with his great talent, a distinct and memorable voice.

Unbeat, Non-Square

THE UNCOMFORTABLE INN. By Dachine Rainer. Abelard-Schuman. $4.95.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

THIS IS a difficult book to review since Miss Rainer seems to have anticipated a number of criticisms. For example, I was reading along none too happily when the narrator of this novel gave one of the other characters a part of the novel in manuscript which she, the narrator, was writing. After reading it, he tells her: "Ain't bad writin' here and there. But what's the point of it? You know, the structure, the framework; you ain't peggin' it to nothin'. Nothin' I can *see* anyway. How's it gonna end?" That is just about what I was thinking of Miss Rainer's book when I came across the passage; and while to anticipate a criticism is not to refute it, still, if you're going to eat another's child (Miss Rainer's metaphor for book-reviewing) you like to find some unchewed portions.

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The title of the book (which is dedicated, by the way, to the "Unbeat" and the "Non-Square") is from St. Teresa of Avila: "Life is a night spent in an uncomfortable inn." The literal inn that Elly Small descends upon with her infant daughter, after leaving her husband in his mountain retreat, is, physically, among the best houses in New York City.

Situated somewhere on Bank Street and built in 1790, it was one of the best examples of Georgian architecture. In spite of theft and breakage over the years one could still feast one's eyes on such objects as a Ming vase, a William Morris chest of drawers, a good painting here and there, objects which blended "together by virtue of the things they implied: a stable society and a love of beauty."

At first glance, one might think that it was the inmates who made the inn uncomfortable. All of them lack just about all the middle-class virtues, and that can make for discomfort. Not for Eleanor Small, however. If she is at home anywhere, she is at home on Bank Street among the unbeat and the non-square. Here, I think, we have the clue to this novel's very genuine distinction: Miss Rainer has created, in this house on Bank Street, a world in which her narrator, Eleanor Small, can define herself. Her best critic tells Eleanor at one point: ". . . to write a great novel, you gotta purge yourself. Time was, you had to *educate* yourself . . . reflect what was goin' on, in the times, in men's consciousness. Now the process is reversed. You gotta harden yourself. You gotta start out on as white and characterless a sheet of paper as possible, and you gotta withdraw. Start from yourself and from scratch."

That is what Miss Rainer has done with her narrator. She has done it so well that Elly Small is the silliest, the most eager, the most exasperating, lovable and believable woman that I know of in recent fiction. This is quite an achievement; I hope it will be recognized.

FOR AQUINAS AT CHRISTMAS

"Dumb Ox," they called you
Speaking better than they knew,
For oh, there came a time
When some sublime
Deep inner showing of God
Left you without a language,
And you stood a bulking stillness
Before the Word—and world—not quite
Unlike the ox of Christmas night.

And when the brethren pressed to know
How it was that the fountain
Of your teaching—intrepid, tireless,
Adazzle with God—had abruptly ceased to flow,
You mumbled finally
That now you knew, most clearly knew,
That all you ever wrote was straw,
Straw, Merely that.
(Ah,
How shall I say to the Angelic Doctor,
"Distinguish"?) And yet, it is most clear,
Aquinas—is it not?—that there is straw
And straw: some finds the fire, some blows
Before the wind—and some—some little handful glows
With Godhead. Look where
He lays His head this Christmas night!
Look at it there: that other aureole
Around the aureole of His hair.

SISTER M. PAULINUS, I.H.M.

Christmas Stories

THE CHRIST CHILD IN FLANDERS. By Felix Timmermans. Translated by Elinor C. Briefs. Regnery. $3.95.
STAR OVER THE FRONTIER. By Edzard Schaper. Translated by Isabel and Florence McHugh. Helicon. $1.95.

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

THESE are two Christmas stories, already well known in Europe, both written with sweet simplicity, which unite the mysteries of heaven to the homely realities of earth, and prove that the Christ Child is born in the most unlikely times and places.

The first is an English translation of Felix Timmermans' *Das Jesuskind in Flandern,* and he brings to the familiar story the same lyrical wonder which readers will remember from his classic. *The Perfect Joy of St. Francis.* Now, it is the Christ Child Himself, who is born to a virgin underneath the dark blue of the overcast northern skies of mediaeval Flanders. Timmermans paints the mysteries of Jesus' birth and childhood in those costumes and scenes of snow, hills, windmills, dikes and beer halls.

Staying true to the facts, always reverential, the book continually recalls the familiar representations of the Flemish masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: homely housewives, fat burgomasters, rosy-cheeked priests, cottages bright with big Dutch ovens and laughing blond children, villages small as toys, the tender blond Virgin and the older Joseph; there is the craftsman from a royal house, the protector.

There is the epic portrait of the long cortèges which we can see, stretching out and across numerous hills, behind their three Eastern kings, dressed in brocade and gold, while childless Herod, the scourge of all Flanders, fumes in a palace hung with tapestries and empty suits

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of armor, with sabres, lances and shields.

Again, there is the scene of Mary and Joseph come to the capital city of Ghent to present the Infant. Standing in the shadows of the huge cathedral, the Mother swoons when she hears the awful prophecy of Simon, the holy man. The king's fat and greedy ministers, the simple shepherds, the boatman who takes the fleeing family across to Holland and to safety, the parents of all the murdered children of Bethlehem are only the background to the central, and timeless, mystery. In this book, as in the many painted masterpieces which have inspired it, it was Mary's candid face that shone miracles.

Once in a while, the simplicity seems a little self-conscious but this may be the fault of the translating, though not particularly of the translator. Timmermans wrote the book in his native Flemish and this is translated from a German version. There are just a couple of gaffs, as when Herod orders in all the "wise-acres" of the city, or the village priest tells Joseph he ought not to let his name be bandied about with every "Tom, Dick and Harry," or a government minister prepares to dispatch a "confidential" man to find out the whereabouts of the Infant King.

The other book is a slight volume which tells another story of the coming of Christ. This time, the psalmist's prayer, "Come, Oh Lord and Show us Thy face," is answered on the Russian border, in our own times. In the small world of a naked moorland in a free country just across from Soviet Russia, inhabited only by some soldiers and one poor family, the Eternal Light shines most dramatically.

The family, Simeon and his four children, have not a match on Christmas eve, so they are in utter darkness. The father goes out to search for somebody to give him a light for his candle so that the children will not freeze and so that they will be able to light their first Christmas tree.

Miraculously, however, it is Christ Himself, all Light and Love, that he meets and the light that He gives to Simeon is not the passing light of this world that Simeon, and we, pray for but eternal salvation. Beautifully illustrated with pen and ink drawings, this Christmas tale is pure and unsentimental and profoundly spiritual.

Two stunning books, ideal for Christmas presents, and, unlike so many of the cotton-candy stories of the Eternal Mystery, fit to be read by adults.

REVIEWERS

Janet Fiscalini is a young poet and critic now living in New York. She has contributed to *Poetry*, the *Chicago Review* and other magazines.

Thomas F. Curley is a regular contributor to The Commonweal. His novel *It's a Wise Child*, was published during the year.

Alice Ellen Mayhew works for a well-known New York publishing house.

ART

Visionary Architecture

"TWENTIETH Century projects considered too revolutionary to build" (and a handful of similar projects of the past that proved prophetic) make up an exhibition alluringly entitled *Visionary Architecture;* at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City until December 5th, it is now being adapted for "travel" in this country.

The word "visionary" is one of those that slip and slide in meaning; it is alluring mostly because it invites a personal interpretation of what one considers "rich and strange." That it is properly used for this exhibit there can be no question, nor that the exhibit itself is exhilarating and provocative; it is so exhilarating and provocative indeed that it takes some time to disentangle any personal disappointment in what one may have hoped for from interest in what it actually is. Actually, it is in general much closer to the demands of "reality," much more a number of dramatic solutions of accepted or, at least, existing situations, than it is ideal conceptions of architectural forms.

All this means is that architects, no matter how revolutionary in their dreams, are usually as tied to their times and the demands of their "real" environment as are most other people. The obsessive theme of the show is clearly the attempt to find solutions for the concentration of people in the metropolis, for example; there is only one church (and that a cathedral), two houses, two radically new techniques of construction and only three all-out fantasies that twentieth century visionary architects have dreamt of. That the city is the most pressing problem of contemporary architecture is indisputable, and the fact that such a variety of lively solutions are presented can only be gratefully received. But it is striking that even within these solutions it is the *practical* aspect of sheltering and moving around a concentrated mass of people that engage the architect's chief attention, rather than ideals of beauty or concern for the individual's comfort and pleasure.

Among the cities envisaged by twentieth century architects, the one that appealed to me most was the model of the *Bridge City* by James Fitzgibbon and C. V. Sides. This conception seems visionary in every sense, and while it springs from a preoccupation with handling people-in-the-mass, it succeeds in creating a framework of abstract beauty in which to do so. Even extraneous charms are not entirely lost sight of, as the explanatory notes state: "building components could be designed to bridge over the land (so) it would be possible to leave various features, including small towns and villages, relatively undisturbed." There is often a hilarious vein in these explanations: "a control station would take constant readings for wind speed and direction"—or the Bridge City is conceived as a complex of cable-bridges connecting apartment houses (they look vague-

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ly like Japanese lanterns belted with garden platforms) spanning the Hudson River from 110th St. in Manhattan to the Jersey shore at Fairview. The whole thing gives a refreshing sense of being part of the elements, and of giving city dwellers a new view of nature to mitigate the uniformity of their shelters. In my opinion this is a vision worth having.

The other metropolitan vision that I found most appealing was a design made in 1916 for a building called "Friendship House" intended to fit into Istanbul, overlooking the Bosphorus. This building was conceived as a gigantic flight of steps, each "step" (or set-back) holding gardens and arcades overlooking the river. The drawing by the German architect Hans Poelzig seems both to fit into the city beautifully and to be a thing of beauty-in-itself; not least of its merits is the fact that one imagines it would be an extraordinary pleasure for an urbanite to stroll about in those hanging gardens.

The design by Clive Entwistle (English) for the Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King in Liverpool is another impressive vision; it has symbolic and aesthetic coherence and embodies the soaring quality of a Gothic cathedral in a completely new architectural form. As one of the few "free-standing" visions in the show, this is perhaps the only entirely convincing one, although Friederich Kiesler's famous "Endless House" and William Katabolos' "Chemical Architecture" are perhaps even more oddly fascinating.

"Endless House" is a molded concrete enclosure raised on pillars —a fairly repellent idea at first glance, but in many ways it captures the enthralling charm of a combined cave-and-tree house. Katavolos' Chemical Architecture "assumes the existence of materials . . . which have a specific program built into them," and the resulting remarkable blooms have a haunting theoretical beauty. These detached visions of other worlds—aspiring, remembered or assumed—round out the stirring panorama of twentieth century architectural dreams.

It must be added that the show includes urban schemes by Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright, as well as a geodesic dome by Buckminster Fuller that is, alarmingly, shown covering most of Manhattan Island. The schemes of Le Corbusier and Wright, with all the creative authority of their authors, nevertheless have a very pragmatic and even didactic look; Fuller's dome, tremendously inspiring as a technical invention, could not have been put to a more startling use—but it seemed to me almost any other one would have been a happier fantasy.

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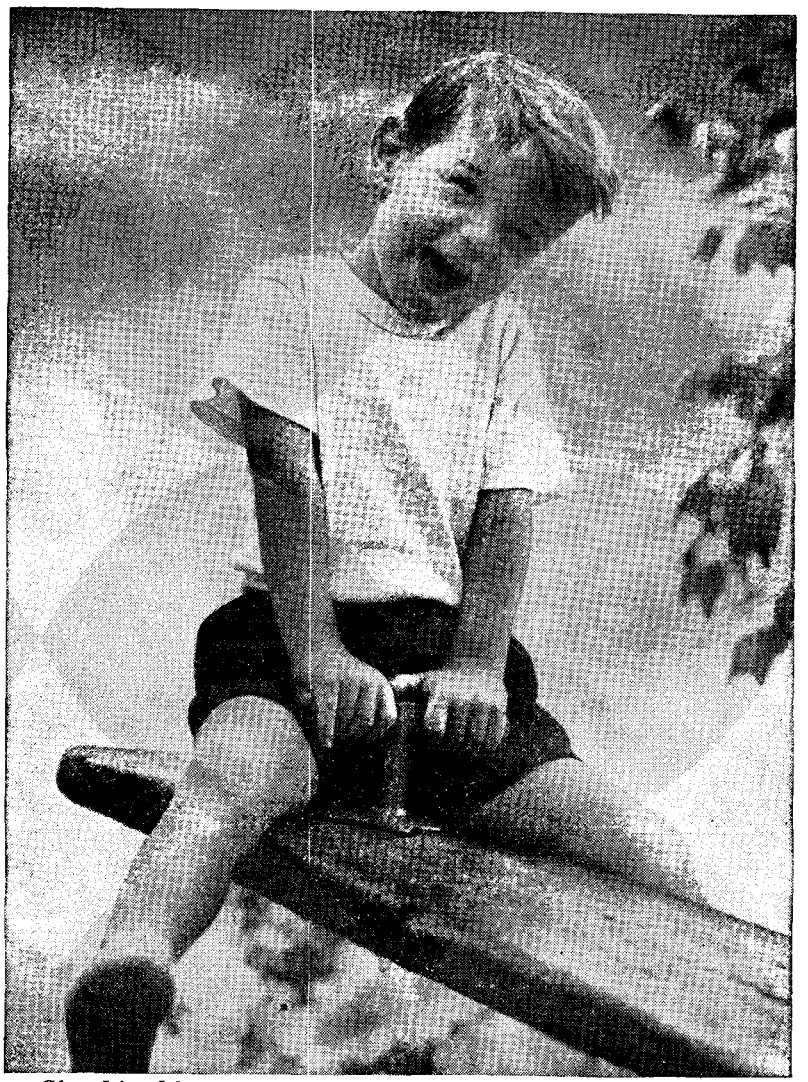

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